

Амано Акира • Amano Akira (eIDLIVE • Reborn!)The Guardians Banquet

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The Guardians' Banquet

"Hibari actually says "small animals" instead of "herbivores" in this story. Also, when I say pot, it mostly means like the contents in the pot, the food in it. Also stuff in *'s are thoughts. Italicized things are sound effects. Stuff in [] is things that weren't actually in there but I put in there so it'd make more sense.

Green trails of Namimori

Neither big nor small, Nami is good~

As it goes in the school song's lyrics, here in Namimori, Nami Jr. High is not an especially extraordinary place; it's an ordinary junior high school. It's surrounded by the same kind of ordinary world, ordinary mafia, all this ordinary everyday stuff in a cut-off story.

...Probably."

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Амано Акира • Amano Akira (eIDLIVE • Reborn!) Глава 1;

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Holiday.

In the not silent-as-the-grave Namimori Jr. High.

Since the Ring Battle for the Vongola successor's throne ended, tranquil times have come to this school.

"Shaa! With this, I'll finish it!"

Smoking Bomb: Gokudera Hayato

Gender: Male

Age: 14 years old

Weapon: dynamite

Today's Ingredients: mountain vegetables (edible plants) that he gathered

Under the big tree at the campus's edge.

A boy with a sharp-as-glass, cross look in his eyes, Gokudera Hayato's innocent smile contradicted his tightly clenched fist. In front of Gokudera, there was a big stone that he had made into a makeshift cooking stove. It's being used to make the camping ground's food. A big pot had been placed on the stove, the fire burning beneath it. In the middle of the gently boiling dashi (TN: dashi is Japanese soup stock made from fish and kelp) soup was fresh meat and multicolored edible wild plants such as mushrooms. Whatever ingredients they were, they weren't ordinary ones that were sold in stores, but gave off the impression of natural wildness. The pot was full of this outdoorsy flavor[ed stuff], but Gokudera lifted it all by himself. Wearing a brand new chemise apron, innumerable bandages on his hands told the story of his efforts. If it has to be said, Gokudera isn't successful with cooking and other such household affairs. Before, when he had been making bamboo sushi bites, he hadn't been able to do the dishwashing either. (TN: Something like that?) If you're asking why that kind of guy is doing these kinds of things...

"Well, it's just because the Tenth called..."

Gokudera being Tsuna's classmate at Namichuu should remind you that the future Vongola boss has is a young boy. (TN: Again, not sure if that's right.)

"Wouldn't the best way to strengthen my bond with the Tenth be to have both of us poking this same pot? (TN: ?) He would also say good things."

Yes. Everything is about him and others his age serving the boss, Tsuna, throughout their lifetimes. For the sake of eating out of the best pot together, Gokudera started preparations in the early morning. This is "risking/giving one's life" isn't an exaggerated feeling—(TN: And also isn't encouraged? @A@ Not sure.)

"Gahahahahahahaha!"

Suddenly, the high sound of a child laughing could be heard, and Gokudera put on a "ハハハ(hah)" face. There was a rustle from a tree's shaking branch, and a small person's shadow jumped down to the ground.

"Lambo-san, [to—jyo; no idea what it means]—kupya!"

A heavy-sounding crash echoed. The landing was a failure. Seeing the crashed child wearing cow-patterned tights on the ground, Gokudera muttered in disgust, "Stupid cow...."

Immature Hitman: Lambo

Gender: Male

Age: 5 years old

Weapons: hand grenades, 10-year-bazooka

Today's Ingredients: sugary candy ball

“Per—se—vere....”

With tears running down his face, Lambo got up. Seeing how pitiful Lambo looked, Gokudera couldn't think about the fact that the annoying brat was in the same mafia as himself. There's a difference in power between the Vongola organization and the attached Bovino organization.

“Jeez, what are you doing?” With a bluntly annoyed look on his face, Gokudera wiped mud off Lambo's clothes. “Go over there, now! This is[n't?] a place to brats to play in our free time...”

“What is this? It's boiling and shaking—”

“Oi, hey! Don't put your dirty hands in there! The stuff in that pot was what the Tenth was going to eat!”

“Tsuna was?”

“Yes, that's right.” Gokudera was a little proud saying that, as shown by his chest swelling. “It's impossible to allow the Tenth to eat this imperfect stuff. In the morning, I came from my dark home all the way up this precipitous mountain....”

From there, Gokudera started telling a grand story full of adventure and action-packed scenes.

He talked about travelling (?) through the dense forest, climbing a cliff, surmounting the waterfall in front of the rapids, fighting off aggressive man-eating bears, and finally the “Master of the Mountain,” a huge creature protecting mountain vegetables...

“Whoa, stop! I filled this pot with my blood, sweat, and tears!” (TN: It's not literal; he means he filled this pot with great effort. I don't know how to phrase it better, sorry. ^_^;)

“Ew! Vegetables are yucky!”

Thud!

“Wh—?!”

Since there were neither fruits/nuts nor a lid, in Lambo's opinion, Gokudera should receive a violent shock.

“St-Stupid jerk! Simply put, you don't put your hand in any of it! These are the finest quality raw materials (TN: Ingredients?) For me to be the Tenth's right arm, only this thing is...”

“Hey, hey, where's Lambo-san's pot?”

“Agh, this guy!” (TN: I think?)

“Agah?”

“Agh!” (TN: Gokudera said ne-yo and Lambo repeated it wrong, saying ne-no, and Gokudera corrects him in frustration.)

“Well, then, Lambo-san will make this a yummy thing.”

“Huh?”

As Gokudera's expression turned dubious, Lambo started searching, rummaging through his messy afro-hair.

“Got it!”

What Lambo took out was...

“Tsu!” (つ!)

The pin stuck in his hair, Lambo threw the hand grenade toward the middle of the pot.

“Uwaaaaah!”

Just before it went into the pot, Gokudera caught it and immediately threw it far away.

Dogaaaaan! (TN: Probably something to the effect of BOOOOOOM! XD)

“Ohh?”

“It’s not ‘ohh’! Are you trying to smash the pot that I painstakingly cooked to pieces?”

“It’s true...it was that!” (TN: “that” being that Lambo was indeed trying to smash the pot)

Saying that, Lambo again grabbed something out of his hair, which was—

(singing) “Lambo’s candy ball is [small-and-round-thing-rolling (TN: No English equivalent.)] yummy sugar”

“What, candy? If it’s that, it’s all righ...you make me suffer (TN: NO IDEA. Anyone know what なわけあっか [nawakeakka] means?)”

As Lambo put the candy in, Gokudera started hastily bullying him with a feather. (TN: ???)

“Don’t f*** with me, stupid cow! Disappear, now! Stay out of my sight forever!”

Would the painstakingly cooked pot survive and not get ruined? If it was for the sake of protecting this pot, Gokudera could handle anything that might happen. In the Mafia, no matter what the cost, this was the way to do it. The underworld was controlled strictly by this.

“Wait, octopus-head!”

“...Tch.”

There was suddenly a loud voice coming from what was a risky place (person?) to Gokudera, who actually turned around. At the same time, a bad, uncomfortable feeling grew in his chest.

“Who’s an octopus-head?”

Gokudera asked that in an angry tone, the only one who didn’t have a clue.

Extreme Boxer: Sasagawa Ryouhei

Gender: Male

Age: 15 years old

Weapon: disciplined fists

Today’s Ingredient: chewing gum

His punching fists wrapped in bandages (TN: ?), Ryouhei Sasagawa was dressed in training clothes and running while boxing, naturally. Ryouhei is the head of Namichuu’s boxing club. Incidentally, he was a 3rd year, a grade above Gokudera. A stubborn guy, he was determined to get anyone he could to join the boxing club. A “boxing love” kind of guy.

“Are you doing some interesting special training, octopus-head?”

“What?”

“What special training is that? Which muscles are you working out? Is it for you and me to wake ourselves up with the joy of training? If that’s the case, certainly Sawada and friends will be in the boxing club with me...”

“Aaaaah! Shut up—Shut up—Shut up—! How could you see this as special training? It was probably only me wrestling with the stupid cow!”

“I see. Only that turned out to be effective exercise, didn’t it? Isn’t that it, octopus-head?”

“I can’t believe the things you’re saying.”

Since Ryouhei only had boxing-related stuff in his head, Gokudera's irritation kept getting worse. Now it wasn't just Lambo but Ryouhei too that Gokudera needed to completely get rid of. Gokudera's thoughts were again turning in a dangerous direction.

"Oh, is this a practice pot?"

"Eh?"

Suddenly, Ryouhei was interested in the pot, and Gokudera was tired of surprises. So, that one feeling turned into words.

"Practice'...?"

"Ho, isn't that clever?"

"!"

Full of interest, Ryouhei peered into the pot, and Gokudera's "ハッ (hah)" ego came back.

"O-Oi! Don't just eat whatever you feel like—"

"I'm not going to taste it, octopus-head!"

Scowling at Ryouhei, Gokudera unintentionally made light of his feelings.

"I'm above a snacking appetite. Because I am..." Ryouhei pointed to himself, "in the middle of a diet!"

"...What?"

When Gokudera's face took on a "So?" expression that said he didn't care, Ryouhei said, "However, I not only have the diet but other things I brought! That is...this!"

Having said that, Ryouhei tugged in the rope around his ankles. "Owah!"

Clang, clang...the noisy sound that came rolling was a big drum. For some reason (TN: ?) Ryouhei had tied a drum to his leg with the rope.

"Running with this tied on, it's become very good training. The proper training menu is to increase it (TN: The weight of the drum, probably.) each time!"

"As usual, stupid habits..." (TN: I left off what I didn't understand here.)

Ryouhei looked at Gokudera with shocked eyes.

"Then, that drum is definitely that (TN: "that" being a stupid habit, I think)!"

"It's not that...hmpf!" His fighting spirit coming out, Ryouhei lifted the big drum onto his shoulders. "The stuff inside this is a mystery."

"The stuff inside...?"

"Inside this is the best gum for the diet's mouth's sadness!" (TN: I think he means the gum that'll tempt him to ruin his diet most?)

Idiot. Opening the small lid and looking inside, an invigorating mint scent spread out through the vicinity.

"If I put this gum in the pot, my diet won't be hindered, and I'll be able to diet satisfactorily!"

"Whaat?!"

Had he really said that the drum was filled entirely with gum? If that kind of thing was put into the pot...

"Don't f*** with me, stupid jerk! Like I'll let you do that kind of thing! (TN: I think.)"

"Gahahahahaha! Put in Lambo-san's candy, too!"

“St-Stupid cooow!”

Remembering that he'd been pinned down by Gokudera, Lambo pulled at Gokudera's face. Meanwhile, without hesitation, Ryouhei took the drum full of gum and...

“...Stop!”

The vanishing voice reached them. (TN: In other words, they heard a fading voice.)

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She didn't go there by accident. She'd been given orders to.

For the sake of the boss, Tsuna, to fulfill her role as "guardian," as far as she was concerned it was an important job. But all important things are like that. (TN: ?) She wasn't very concerned about the other guardians. She also didn't intend to show herself in front of them. But—

The "life's crisis" before her eyes couldn't be overlooked.

*

"You...!"

Gokudera's face became strained. Aimlessly stopping, suddenly the mist cleared up to reveal a girl with an eyepatch over her right eye there. (TN: There was something about "tsuketa limitless" or something in there....)

The Girl Living Because of Illusions: Chrome Dokuro

Gender: Female

Age: 13 years old

Weapon: three-pronged trident, illusions

Today's Ingredient: tofu

At the sudden entrance of the girl, Lambo and Ryouhei both unintentionally froze.

"You are, if I remember right,...cream pillow. (TN: LOL, Ryouhei's trying to remember her name, but says "kuri—mu makura," meaning cream pillow, instead of "kuro—mu dokuro," Chrome Dokuro.)

"Don't you mean Chrome Dokuro?"

Ryouhei interrupted Gokudera with a retort: "Yes, yes, it was crepe." (TN: Now he's saying kure—pu instead of kuro—mu. XDDDD Food on the mind from the diet much, Ryouhei?)

"That's incorrect."

"Cream and crepes usually go together."

"Yes, but it's Chrome...ah, whatever." (TN: ?)

"....."

As Gokudera was arguing with the others like that, Chrome was silently and steadily watching them.

Yeah, these guys...

Being watched with [Chrome's] clouded black pupil, Gokudera became uneasy. Why was Chrome even here in the first place? Honestly, Gokudera barely understood the girl at all. He only knew one thing for sure, that this girl had once been in a group aiming for Tsuna.

"Hey, Chrome Dokuro!"

Taking time to consider things wasn't in Gokudera's nature. Being the kind of person that went straight to the point, Gokudera hit Chrome with a question.

"For what purpose did you come here, huh?"

Gokudera glared at her, and Chrome changed to "ボ一(bo—)." (TN: ?) Those lips faintly moved.

"Because you could die."

Gokudera took in a sharp breath.

“Die...what do you mean by that?! Don’t tell me this is about the Tenth!”

“.....”

“Silence, huh? I know you can say something! Why the heck are you here...”

Chrome suddenly lifted her arm.

“!”

As Gokudera’s guard instinctively went up, Chrome only quietly extended her index finger. She pointed at Ryouhei’s drum.

“If you put the gum in the pot, it’ll block up your throat.”

.....

Thus—

“O-Oi...”

After a long silence, Gokudera finally opened his mouth.

“Are you...serious?”

Chrome nodded.

“Gum...can be life-threatening.”

“Yeah, life-threatening. Gum can block the throat. That’s not why you’re here. Generally, I get the feeling from you that...”

“Crepe!” Drowning out Gokudera’s raised voice, Ryouhei took Chrome’s hand. “Is that so! You saved my life!”

“Because dying is bad.”

“Uwohh! I am extremely moved, Crepe!”

Seeing the happily shouting Ryouhei, Gokudera got a feeling from the bottom of his stomach. Then—

“!”

Suddenly, Gokudera’s face changed. His nose twitched.

“Damn!”

During all the confusion, the cooking fire had still been burning under the pot. Gokudera registered a faintly burnt smell. Sure enough, the dashi soup had boiled down to almost nothing, the ingredients clinging to the bottom of the pot. When it was confirmed that hastily adding anything wouldn’t do any good, Gokudera’s chest deflated with a hoh. However, it had been in jeopardy... (TN: From like Lambo and Ryouhei and all.) As the nuisances had appeared one by one, Gokudera naturally had completely lost sight of his purpose. The best pot that he had been going to share with Tsuna! Now the most important thing had been reduced to that. (TN: “that” being the dregs at the bottom of the pot)

“Um...”

“What?”

At Chrome’s voice faltering, Gokudera turned his head, his face showing his bad mood.

“This...”

From out of nowhere, Chrome took out a plate of white tofu.

“Is it okay to put this in?”

“Huh?!”

She wanted to put in tofu? In this pot? Gokudera automatically brought it near his nose and smelled it. He didn't especially sense any hints of poison in it. It was really just tofu.

“Is it not okay to put in?”

“This is...”

“The substitute for the gum.”

“If that's the case, probably.”

“...I understand.”

“Anything's better than gum, that's a fact.”

“...I understand.”

“Ah, no, I don't mean that you can't put it in...”

At the moment when Chrome tried to put in the tofu, Gokudera was trying to take it from her hand—

Squish.

“Ah.”

In front of the pot. All too quickly, the tofu had fallen and broken on the ground.

“.....”

They couldn't say anything, and a heavy atmosphere fell. Then—

“Gahahahahaha! You dropped it, you dropped it, it's dirty!”

“S-Stop always being so noisy, you stupid cow!”

Trying to hide his guilt, Gokudera seized Lambo's chest and shouted at him. And then Chrome said,

“Ah.”

Sound of Chrome running.

Saying nothing, Gokudera turned in the direction that Chrome had run in.

“Where's she going?”

Gokudera scratched his head with a puzzled face.

“Well. Anyway, now we'll quickly call the Tenth over.”

“Yo, Gokudera.”

“.....”

Gokudera wanted to bury his head in his arms. Just when he had thought there wasn't a single nuisance that wasn't there, a new one showed up who was—

Natural Hitman: Yamamoto Takeshi

Gender: Male

Age: 14 years old

Weapons: Shigure Kintoki, Yamamoto's bat

Today's Ingredient: caught seafood

He stood there with an athletic (TN: Or possibly sportsmanship-like) refreshing smiling face. Yamamoto Takeshi. The ace of Namichuu's baseball club, he had had a good relationship with Tsuna before Gokudera transferred to Namichuu, meaning he was no better [to Gokudera right now] than Ryouhei and his gum.

“Yo.”

“It's not 'yo'.” (TN: Okay, I can't really phrase it well, but I think basically Gokudera's saying that Yamamoto's not welcome and can't say hello/yo to him.)

Gokudera unnaturally “tch”ed. (TN: Unnatural like it was overdone to get to Yamamoto.) However, Yamamoto said with an unaffected face, “Sorry you had to wait for me since I was late.”

“Huh? No one invited you...”

“But I've been looking forward to this, and I made an awesome catch. Look.”

Having said that, he opened the big cooler that was on his shoulder.

“Ohhh!” A cheer rose from Ryouhei and Lambo.

Gokudera also involuntarily gulped. Inside the cooler was a lot of live seafood, gleaming like gems. Just looking at it, you got the feeling it was delicious.

“Of course, fresh stuff is the best. I asked a fisherman acquaintance, and he let me on his boat.”

“You caught this yourself?”

“Yes, Sasagawa-senpai. I left at 3:00 in the morning, early enough turn back in case it was slow.” (TN: I think that means in case the fish were slow to bite.)

“3:00?!”

Gokudera's voice involuntarily went up. (TN: in like surprise)

I left for the mountain at 4:00....This guy...

Gokudera squeezed and chewed his lips in chagrin.

What are this bastard's, Yamamoto's, intentions? Suddenly bringing this kind of this. This kind of delicious...

With his eyes fixed on the fish, Gokudera hastily shook his head.

No, what am I thinking?! This kind of boring thing, anything's better than fish, definitely including the food I prepared...

“It's kind of boring to only look at it, huh, Gokudera?”

“Tch! What are you saying? I'm not looking at that...”

“Quickly put it in the pot so everyone can enjoy it.”

“What?!”

“After you take out that spoiled dashi soup...”

“W-Wait! You can't just put it in as you like! This is the pot I'm sharing with the Tenth!”

“I think it's everyone's pot.” Yamamoto gave an innocent smile. “In there, there are various things that were put in that made it delicious in order to please Tsuna.”

“You...”

Certainly, what Yamamoto said couldn't have been correct. If you looked at putting in stuff like candy and gum, they

were far from preferable. But—

If splendid seafood like flounder and spiny lobster were put in—

But then wouldn't the food he'd prepared himself seem minor [in comparison]?!

“It's absolutely no good! This pot with your fish, that combination is...”

At that moment...

“!”

Gokudera's body stiffened with a “kuh (クッ).” It had disappeared. Up until some time ago, Yamamoto had been showing a gentle smiling face [but now it was gone].

“Is that so?”

“What, Yamamoto?”

“It's that kind of attitude of yours...” (TN: Something like that.)

“?!”

Could it be that what he was thinking had leaked out to Yamamoto?

While Yamamoto was usually an airhead, once in a while he could become a sharp guy. However, the next action Yamamoto took exceeded Gokudera's prediction completely.

“You...?!”

Yamamoto deftly took out the bat tied to his back. Yamamoto's bat—if you forcefully swung it, it would transform into a sure-kill weapon.

“Let's go.”

He brandished the bat in a big way. At this, Gokudera's thoughts completely stopped. In that instant—

Bashu! Bashu! Babababababa!

“Kuh...!”

The sound of killing and cutting the meat made Gokudera's eardrums tremble. All of the relentless destructive-power killing and crushing sound was...

“.....?”

That was all. He hadn't felt any hits or pain. Once Gokudera noticed it seemed safely peaceful, he timidly opened his closed eyes.

When he'd done that...

“Huh...?”

Yamamoto was smiling once again. He had a platter in his hands with neatly served-up sashimi on it.

“Look, Gokudera. It doesn't look as delicious as my dad's, but this is it.”

“???”

“You're holding back. I understand. The pot's better without it.” (TN: Yamamoto thinks Gokudera is holding back because he's not good enough, like his dad)

Jerk! (TN: as in the action, as in suddenly pulling)

Gokudera became violently exhausted. (TN: With that, I think the jerk was Gokudera like half-falling over in sudden exasperation at Yamamoto.) That's right...Yamamoto was this kind of person.

"You're pretty good, Yamamoto. As one would expect, you're sushi restaurant's son."

"Ah, what do senpai-tachi think? (TN: senpai-tachi means two or more senpai) There aren't quite enough fish yet..."

"Lambo-san will eat it! This strawberry-ish color is Lambo's cheeks color!"

The fresh sashimi in front of them made Lambo and Ryouhei dance in joy. Seeing that embarrassing sight, Gokudera suddenly turned away with a "bah." This might possibly be his chance. Since these guys liked Yamamoto's sashimi, could there be an exception, maybe it was okay to put it somewhere in the pot? No, however, that person hadn't met the "requirement"...

Shurururururururururururu! (TN: whirling SFX)

"!"

There was a sound like a sharp cutting wind. This time for sure, Gokudera unmistakably sensed intense bloodthirst, and at the same time Gokudera turned his head, he took out dynamite.

"Double bomb!"

A lot of tiny dynamite rose in and wound through the air. At middle-distance, they exploded all at once, the shockwave spreading and becoming a shield in front of Gokudera and the others.

Hyun!

"...!"

Gokudera's face twitched. On his face, a red line travelled across his face with a "suuh." With bloodlust flying with it, an incredible blast pierced Gokudera's shield. If the dynamite's shockwave hadn't deflected it a little, that Gokudera's head would've definitely been crushed.

"....."

Slowly turning around, Gokudera confirmed the dangerous weapon that had grazed over his face. What was now stuck in the ground, having pierced it, bathed in sunlight and sparkling was—

A metal tonfa.

"What are you doing at my school?"

Most Dangerous Discipline Committee Chairman: Hibari Kyouya (TN: meaning he's the most dangerous and he's the discipline committee)

Gender: Male

Age: ?

Weapon: collapsible tonfa

Today's Ingredient: a crowd of small animals

In spite of it being a holiday, he was still wearing a black school uniform. It was proof that he was part of the Discipline Committee that guarded Namichuu. He was the Discipline Committee Chairman, the strongest delinquent that stood at the top of all the stalwarts (TN: stalwart=loyal person) that didn't know fear. (TN: these fearless stalwarts being the Discipline Committee) That is Hibari Kyouya.

“It’s you guys?”

He gazed upon Gokudera and the others with icy eyes. In those eyes, there was not a shred of emotion.

“Tch...”

Lukewarm sweat dripped down Gokudera’s forehead. Thoughts about making the pot were lost in a daze; this guy’s presence completely made Gokudera completely forget about it. If it was for the sake of his beloved Namichuu, how much blood flowed didn’t matter to this too dangerous guy. This guy had no limits. (TN: I think.)

Then—

“Ah, perfect. Hibari can help with the pot, too!”

“Oi, Yamamoto!” Gokudera hastily raised his voice. “You’re an airheaded kite. (TN: ?) What can he do for the pot...?”
“I’ll do it.”

“Huh?!” Hearing this unexpected reply, Gokudera couldn’t believe his ears.

“Then, shall we begin...?” Chaki. With a faint metal sound, Hibari had his tonfa gripped in his hands. “I’ll bite all you crowding small animals to death.”

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Kiiiiiiiiiiin!

“Toh!” Yamamoto barely stopped the powerful blow from the tonfa with his bat, but... “Uwoh!” From Hibari’s tonfa, a hook came out and held Yamamoto’s bat fast. (TN: Really? Again? =3=) Because of that, Hibari swept away Yamamoto’s bat with his wrist, already aiming at Yamamoto with the tonfa in his other hand.

Gah!

“Guh...!”

With one merciless blow, Yamamoto’s body was blown away and slid along the ground with a “zuzaza.” In front of Hibari, the extraordinary reflexes from the latent “Natural Hitman” hidden in Yamamoto were dealt with as if Yamamoto was just a child.

“Wa, he’s abominable, huh, Gokudera. As I thought, he’s tough.”

“Sh...Shut up.”

Right next to Yamamoto, the worn-out Gokudera and Ryouhei were collapsed [on the ground]. Even with two people, Yamamoto had taken big damage from Hibari.

“No one has any hope against you...”

In fear for his life, Gokudera probably would’ve been able to gotten up, but there was truly no strength in his legs. In that pause, Hibari said,

“This is being confiscated by the Discipline Committee.”

Easily lifting up the big pot, Hibari started walking away from Gokudera and the others.

“W-Wait, Hibari!”

Gokudera tried hard to call Hibari, but there was also no strength in his voice.

“Shit...”

He bitterly clenched his teeth.

...He had been soft.

When he had only been making the pot, everything had gone smoothly. So that Tsuna would be happy, so he could strengthen the family bonds...he had simply been thinking of that. But it had turned out like this.

“I’m sorry...Tenth.”

“Isn’t it too early to apologize?” He suddenly heard Yamamoto’s voice close to his ear.

And then—

“Tsu!” (TN: just kind of a small sound someone can make in reaction to pretty much anything)

With an arm around his back, Gokudera’s body was lifted.

“Yamamoto?!”

Furthermore, another arm came from the opposite side, so that from his left and right Gokudera was helped to stand.

“Lawn-head...”

Ryouhei and Yamamoto supporting Gokudera together, they both smiled at him through the pain.

“Senpai, it seems we can get through anything, huh?”

“It’s embarrassing, though, I’m at my limit just supporting octopus-head. How about you, Yamamoto?”

“Ha, ha, same here.” Even at this kind of time, Yamamoto’s bright heroic/un-pathetic tone came back. “Gokudera, do you still have dynamite left?”

“Ah, of course I do! I wouldn’t carelessly use them all up on Hibari.”

“Yes, very good.”

While they were saying that, Hibari was steady moving far away from Gokudera and the others.

“Listen closely, Gokudera. Both big-brother-Sasagawa and I can only move a little. Only you...can stop him.”

“Tsu...!”

“You’ve been trying your best for Tsuna’s sake. Completely giving up here would be a waste, wouldn’t it?”

“Who’s...?” Yamamoto’s words had fired up Gokudera’s disappearing fighting spirit. “Who’s giving uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuup?!” As he was shouting that, Gokudera threw all his remaining dynamite at the back of the far-off Hibari Kyousa.

“...Tsu.”

Hibari came to a halt. However, he turned around too late, the dynamite already in front of his eyes and nose. (TN: I think in front of the eyes and nose thing is just a Japanese way of saying right in front of that person.)

Dogaaaaaaaaaaaaan! (TN: Probably boom.)

The storm blew up violently. The explosion and thunderous roar shook Namichuu’s campus.

“Hooray!” Gokudera wore a satisfied smile, having seen Hibari in the explosion.

However—

“Wha...?!”

When the smoke from the explosion cleared, Hibari stood there almost completely unscathed. Furthermore, that made Gokudera collapse and say, “Th...The pot I was going to share with the Tenth...”

At Hibari’s feet, having fully received the explosion’s blast, everything in the now-rolling-around pot had been completely knocked out.

“Hey, hey, Gokudera...”

“You really did it now, octopus-head.”

“Tch, you guys are talking about it like it was my problem. You guys are the ones who made me throw all the dynamite.” While his voice became half full of tears, Gokudera snapped (TN: I think) at Yamamoto and the others.

Meanwhile—

“.....” Hibari rubbed his cheek. Gokudera’s attack had burned him a little.

“Despite being small animals.... I’ll have a little more fun with them.”

Bloodthirst overflowed in Hibari’s eyes. Once more, he gripped the recently blood-soaked tonfa—

Zugaaaaaaaaaaan!

“...!”

The tonfa fell to the ground. They had been shot down. With peerlessly accurate marksmanship. And then, the blast unexpectedly righted the overturned pot. From in the middle of that, what appeared with a handgun with gunpowder smoke lingering over it was...

“Reborn-san!”

The Mafia’s Strongest Baby: Reborn (TN: same with Hibari’s title; I think it means the baby that’s the mafia’s strongest person, but I’m not sure)

Gender: Male

Age: 2 years old?

Weapons: handgun, Dying Will Bullets

Today’s Ingredient: Himself?

“Ciaossu.”

A daikon radish greeted Gokudera. No...if you looked hard, it was a baby wearing a daikon-radish costume. Reborn—he had come to Japan at the Vongola Family’s 9th boss’s request to be Tsuna’s home tutor and make him into a Mafia boss.

“Reborn-san...by any chance...is the pot...?”

“Ah, it is so.”

At the quick confirmation, Gokudera’s face twitched. “Please, Reborn-san!” Gokudera put both hands emphatically on the ground, hanging his head. “I need your advice. I couldn’t stop this from becoming a mess...”

Reborn’s advice. That was that Tsuna’s friends’ victory after the hard-fought battle was that there would be a pot party at Namichuu. From time-honored [traditions], while reviewing memories of the battle that surround the pot, there will be an important ceremony for the sake of strengthening comrades’ bonds at the battleground site— For sure it was to be said that Gokudera had worked very hard on preparing [the pot].

Despite all that—

“That kind of thing.... I’m disqualified from being the Tenth’s right arm...”

“It’s not only your fault, Gokudera.”

“Shut up, Yamamoto! Reborn-san had faith in me, and I’m the only one who was told to I was in the pot party here.”

“Huh? No, I was told, too.”

“What?!” At Yamamoto’s words, Gokudera’s eyes became round.

“Yeah. I also received an invitation, so that’s why I came here.”

Even Ryouhei? Could it be that all the people who had come here had been called by Reborn?

“Why did you invite them, Reborn-san?”

“At the beginning, I only invited you and Tsuna.”

“Ah...” Gokudera put on a “hah” face. If you looked at what he said, surely...

“Are you Tsuna’s only friend? Can there be a family if it’s only you?”

“Th-That kind of thing...”

Immediately, Gokudera's face showed he wanted to deny it, then he immediately turned red and faced downward. Really ashamed. He had [mentally] downgraded Tsuna's status [by thinking he was his only friend].

"Besides, you aren't disqualified yet."

"Huh...?"

What the heck was that? In that moment, what Gokudera heard from where Reborn was—

Pyuoh!

From behind Reborn, there came an attack from a tonfa. However, Reborn clearly avoided with a somersault.

"This is enjoyable, isn't it, baby."

His tonfa in his hands, Hibari had a smile on that showed he was having fun from the bottom of his heart.

"You're invited to the pot party, which is truly enjoyable."

"Is that so?"

Also with a dangerous smile, Reborn said, "Hey, Gokudera."

"Y-Yes."

"I'm going to play together with Hibari for a while. I'll trust you do get things done."

"Ah, Reborn-san..."

Without giving Gokudera time to stop, Reborn, followed by the attacking Hibari, disappeared into the distance.

"....."

The exhausted Gokudera just stood there. What the heck was he supposed to do now? The pot was completely overturned, and the other ingredients had all been ruined because of the battle—

"What are you doing, Gokudera-san?"

At that time—

A just-a-little-bit-angry girl's voice reached Gokudera's ears.

"You.... Stupid girl!"

"Who are you calling a stupid girl?! My name's Haru! Miura Haru!" Having said that, she puffed out her cheeks, and behind her, Ryouhei's little sister Sasagawa Kyouko was also there.

With a gentle smile, Kyouko said, "We heard from Reborn. You and Tsuna all are having an o-pot." (TN: o- being the Japanese prefix that makes the thing honorable, so the "honorable pot")

"Th-That is..."

"Haru and I are doing it to have fun. But why hasn't anything been prepared yet?"

"Uh..."

"So Kyouko-chan and I bought the stuff to make the o-pot."

"Huh?!"

Haru and Kyouko had various ingredients in a supermarket bag. Seeing this, the brightness came back to Gokudera's face. To start over again...his own prepared ingredients had been ruined, but with these ingredients, he could newly remake the pot!

"What are you going to do, Gokudera? Is it only Tsuna and two other people?"

When Yamamoto said this, Gokudera frowned.

“...Uh, please forgive me. Let’s have the...pot party together.”

“Yosh!”

Yamamoto happily clapped his hands together. Taking the initiative, he started fixing the broken cooking stove.

“Come on, everyone work together!”

“Ohhhh! The excellent Lambo-san will be an o-helper, too!” (TN: same honorable o-)

“Tch, stupid cow! When Hibari was here, where did you run away to?!”

Liveliness once again returned to Namichuu’s campus.

“Ah.” Gokudera noticed something and put on a “hah” face.

—He was going to go call Tsuna over. Surely Tsuna would rejoice over the pot that everyone made together.

“Oi, Yamamoto! I’m just going to call the Tenth...”

“Please wait, Hayato.”

“!”

A voice had suddenly asked him to stop. In an instant, Gokudera turned pale; there was the woman that weakened him the most in the world whenever he saw her.

“B...Big sis?”

Poison Scorpion: Bianchi

Gender: Female

Age: 17 years old

Weapon: Poison Cooking

Today’s Ingredient: ???

“Fugu!” (TN: probably Gokudera choking up)

The moment he looked at his older sister of a different mother, Gokudera’s stomach felt like it was pinned down, and he bent over double. From when he was a child, he had gotten trauma from heating the assassinating food she had made, “Poison Cooking,”

“This seems fun, Yamamoto Takeshi.”

“Huh...me?” For some reason Bianchi glared at him, surprising Yamamoto.

“I heard from Reborn. I’m in the mood for preparing fresh seafood.”

“No, the mood is...” (TN: ?)

“But my way it’s fresh and delicious...”

Having said that, she indicated the big refrigerator at her side.

“Oh, Gokudera’s big sis brought fish, too?”

“Yes, things with fish-like names.”

“Names?”

“I caught them just now. I always roll this thing around from upstairs. (TN: ???) Fufu...with this, Reborn will quit being home tutor and become a hitman again...”

“Wait a second!” Suddenly, Gokudera stood up. His face was bluer, and he fixed his gaze on the refrigerator near Bianchi. It seemed like one person could comfortably fit in the refrigerator. “Could it be...you...”

“Ah, fun. You were making the o-pot for Tsuna’s sake.”

“The o-pot for the sake of letting Tsuna eat yummy things.”

In the moment that Bianchi was enraptured by the opportunity— (TN: I think to get rid of Tsuna)

“Te...Teeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeenth!”

Gokudera’s scream reached high in the sky above Namimori. (TN: Something like that.)

END.

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